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Before 1700.

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b O ISI G S .

F^{Sir} c^t Sedley,
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SO1VG,



HILLIS ! Men say that all my vows
Are to thy fortune, paid!
Alas, my heart₅ he little knows ;
Who thinks my love a Trade!

Were I, of all these woods the Lord!
One berry, from thy hand*
More real pleasure would
afford!
Than all my large command*

SONG.



HILLIS is my only joy!
Faithless as the winds or seas;
Sometimes coming, sometimes
coy_f Yet She never fails to
please ! If with a frown, I am
cast down: PHILLIS smiling,
And beguiling,, Makes me
happier than before!

Though, alas, too late I find,
Nothing can her Fancy fix! Yet
the moment, She is kind ; I
forgive her all her tricks !
Which, though I see, I can't
get free f She deceiving, I
believing; What need lovers
wish for more ?